

# JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

## Old Pastime of Paying Calls Is Again Popular

**DEAR SUSAN:** Despite the declaration of independence of certain women prominent in official life and a good deal of rather formless protest, Washington is taking up again the business of paying calls. Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice President, set the seal of her approval upon this picking up of the social threads when she arranged to have two Wednesday afternoon receptions, one on January 15 and one on January 22, knowing full well that such a procedure would entail the returning of numberless calls.

Mrs. Baker, wife of the Secretary of War, and Mrs. Daniels, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, have inaugurated the custom of remaining at home on Wednesday afternoons—their "days" are quite informal functions, if functions they may be called, and quite different from the old-time "cabinet day" receptions—also realizing that under the present dispensation calls must be returned. Mrs. Carter Glass, wife of the new Secretary of the Treasury, and her daughters have also announced their intention of being at home to callers on Wednesday afternoons. They will have their first reception this week—and the first reception of a new Cabinet hostess is an event of unusual interest, however informal it may be.

### Custom Now General in Diplomatic Circles.

The women of the Diplomatic Corps who are put out of town, for one reason or another, are pretty generally observing their afternoons at home.

Mme. de Riano, wife of the Spanish ambassador, has announced that she will be at home on Fridays in January and February.

Mme. Bonillas, wife of the Mexican ambassador, almost always receives on Friday afternoons; Mme. Sulzer, wife of the minister of Switzerland, is also at home on Fridays, and Mme. Cremer, wife of the recently appointed minister of the Netherlands, had her first "day" since coming to Washington on Friday of last week.

Although numerous dinners have been given in honor of the Cremeres, this was the first opportunity society in general has had to welcome them and most of the official world, as well as Mr. Cremer's conferees of the Diplomatic Corps, called at the legation during the afternoon. The minister hastened back from a trip to New York in order to be with Mme. Cremer at her first reception, and she was assisted by Mrs. Frank Lyon Polk, wife of the Acting Secretary of State; Mrs. William Phillips, and Mme. Sulzer, who called off her own afternoon at home especially to receive with Mme. Cremer.

Early in the season Mrs. Champ Clark inaugurated a series of informal and rather original Wednesday afternoons at home at Congress Hall. Some of the women of the Congressional set are planning to observe a regular day at home—Tuesday has always been "Congressional Day"—and others will probably arrange to receive in more formal fashion on two or three Tuesdays during the season, either alone or in groups. As for the Senatorial hostesses, they are quite generally "keeping Thursdays" in good old "before the war" fashion. Mrs. Saulsbury, wife of the President pro tempore of the Senate, receives at last two or three Thursdays



**MRS. J. T. CREMER,**  
Wife of the minister of the Netherlands, and a newcomer to the Diplomatic Corps.

**MME. MASSIOT**  
And her children. Her husband is connected with the French embassy staff.

**MME. SLAVKO GROUITCH,**  
Wife of the recently appointed minister of Serbia to the United States.

during each month. Mrs. Pomeroy, wife of the Senator from Ohio, had her first at home of the season last week; Mrs. George P. McLean also received, and so did Mrs. Charles B. Henderson and numerous other women of the Senate contingent.

### Mrs. Knox and Johnson Give Joint Reception.

Quite the most interesting function of this kind, however, was the joint reception given by Mrs. Philander C. Knox and Mrs. Hiram Johnson a week ago. The very mention of the names of Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Johnson in such intimate association is significant and speaks volumes for the completeness with which the split in the Republican party has been healed. For Senator Knox, whose name crops up ever and anon when "Presidential possibilities" are mentioned, is a good old stand-pat Republican; and Senator Johnson, also regarded as Presidential timber, is a Progressive of the Progressives. Moreover, Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Johnson are as different in type and probably in tastes as are the political views of their husbands.

Mrs. Knox is thoroughly conservative—she belongs to the "Iron aristocracy" of Pittsburgh, generally regarded as of finer clay than the gentler who made fortunes in coal and glass—and she has managed to retain

her conservatism, and a certain amount of exclusiveness, throughout her career as a Cabinet and Senatorial hostess. Mrs. Johnson is a younger woman, of a rather dashing type, and in sympathy, apparently, with her husband's progressive ideas.

The decision of Mrs. Knox and Mrs. Johnson to receive together at the former's home grew out of the fact that Senator and Mrs. Johnson are living in the country—they have a lovely old place not far from Laurel, a place quite beyond the bounds of the calling "zone." And their joint reception was one of the most delightful functions imaginable. Senator and Mrs. Knox have a very handsome house in K street, you know, and it was quite literally abloom with flowers. American Beauties were used everywhere, and on the tea table there was a huge plaque of the loveliest yellow orchids imaginable.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall headed the list of those who called during the afternoon; and of course the Senate was out in force, with its womenfolk, not forgetting many other officials and a goodly company of diplomats. The prettiest incident of the afternoon occurred when Mrs. Taft arrived. Mrs. Knox, whose husband was Secretary of State while Mr. Taft was President, greeted the former First Lady with great cordiality and every

mark of affection, and took her out to the dining room herself, seeing her comfortably seated and supplied with good things before returning to her post to greet the arriving guests. It's a pleasant thing to have the "Tafts in town again; and there is a small ovation wherever either Mrs. Taft or her genial husband puts in an appearance.

### Mrs. Elkins Renews Weekly "At Homes."

Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins presided at the tea table on this occasion, and on the following Thursday, when she was at home for the first time this season, she returned the compliment by asking Mrs. Knox to pour tea for her. Mrs. Elkins' connection with official society ceased some years ago, but she has continued to observe Thursdays, Senate day, at home. And with good reason, for isn't she the daughter of a Senator and the widow of a Senator? Moreover, she has a sort of honorary connection with the Senate which will be sworn in on March 4 through her husband's son, Senator-elect Davis Elkins, of West Virginia.

She's a very gracious and kindly person, Mrs. Elkins, a real grande dame, and it's a pleasure to go to her house. Another place I always like to go is to Mrs. Marshall's, and her reception on Wednesday was particularly interesting, as she hasn't received before since we went to war. The Vice President has a hospitable way of arriving early at the party, and he is at his best in the role of genial host. This time, too, there was another important member of the receiving party in the person of little Morrison Marshall, who has come to be recognized as a member of the Marshall family in good and regular standing. He was brought in by his nurse, a sturdy and appealing little lad in a white frock, and after an exuberant greeting to "Mummy" and "Daddy" stationed himself in a doorway where he could shake hands with incoming visitors or give them an amazingly military salute as the spirit moved him.

While Mr. and Mrs. Marshall have made no move to legally adopt the little boy, they have come to a satisfactory arrangement with his mother, by which he is to be brought up and educated as their own. They have but one regret in their relationship with the boy—that they missed the first eight or nine months of his babyhood. The kiddie is now officially known as Morrison—his own name—Marshall, the "Clarence Ignatius" which he was christened having been dropped by tacit consent.

**Changes—More Changes—Order of Day Now.**  
Change seems to be the order of the day in Washington, changes in the diplomatic corps—too many to enu-

merate; changes—prospective—in the House, and last, but not least, changes in the Cabinet. Hard upon the resignation of his successor came the announcement of the resignation of Thomas Watt Gregory as Attorney General. And now society is engaged in speculating whether his place will be taken by some one already connected with Washington's official life or whether new blood will be injected into the Cabinet.

The Assistant Attorney General, Samuel Jordan Graham; Frank Lyon Polk, acting Secretary of State and Counselor of the State Department, and Senator James Hamilton Lewis are among those suggested for any one of them would mean the promotion to Cabinet rank of a hostess who has already made a place for herself in Washington society. Mrs. Lewis would bring zest and enthusiasm to the role—if she could be persuaded to return from Europe, where she is, or is soon to be engaged in some sort of reconstruction work—and there is no young woman of my acquaintance better fitted for the post by birth, breeding, cosmopolitan training and the social gift that Mrs. Polk, Mrs. Graham, apparently, goes in for society than the other two, but she has a daughter, Mary Graham, who is a leader in the younger official set. It's hard to see the Gregorays at leaving, for they've made many friends during their residence in Washington.

The appointment of Walker P. Hines, sometime Mr. McAdoo's second in command in the railroad administration, to the post of director general of railroads gives Washington what is to all intents and purposes another Cabinet family. Here, too, owing to the difficulty in obtaining comfortable quarters in Washington under war time conditions, and also, perhaps, to his more or less temporary status, Mr. Hines has maintained a bachelor ménage here, Mrs. Hines spending the greater part of her time in New York or at their place in New Jersey. It is to be hoped, however, that under the somewhat altered conditions, she will elect to come to Washington for the winter. There is one daughter, Helen Hines, in the family.

### Capital Holds Record For Dinner Parties.

Washington holds the per capita record for dinner parties. Of this much I'm sure. Take the week just past as an example. Three brilliant dinner parties were given in honor of the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. de Riano, one by Mrs. James McDonald, one by Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley and the third by Mrs. Charles S. Brownell, and they also entertained a brilliant company at dinner themselves last evening. Mrs. Brownell gave another dinner, with the Secretary of the Interior and Mrs. Lane as honor guests; Mrs. McDonald entertained again before the Russian ball and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley had two other dinners, one for the Minister of Salvador and Mme. Zaldivar. Mme. Hauge gave two dinners last week; and the list of those who entertained in this characteristic Washington fashion includes Mr. and Mrs. John Lord O'Brien, whose guests were asked to meet the Attorney General and Mrs. Gregory; Senator and Mrs. Willard Saulsbury, the Minister of Switzerland and Mme. Sulzer; Mrs. Marshall Field, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wallace, Mrs. Price Collier, Representative and Mrs. Ira C. Copley; for the Lanes—Mr. and Mrs. William C. Coker; Countess Glizycka, and Mrs. H. Campbell Gray, being among those who entertained. It was on this occasion also that Commander C. T. Jewell gave his annual dinner for the debutantes—his eighth—taking his guests to the ball. This

time the guest of honor was little Mary Hellen, daughter of Mrs. Benjamin Hellen, Lieut. Commander and Mrs. Theodore Stark Wilkinson chaperoned the party, and Louise Thoron, for whom the party was given last year, was included among the guests. Six or eight of the other buds were asked, and, of course, cavaliers "to match."

### Week Marks Charming Debut Of Henrietta Hill.

No tale of the week's events is complete without a mention of the debut of another bud, Henrietta Hill, who had her coming out yesterday afternoon at a tea given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hill, at their home in Eighteenth street. There was also Mrs. Hamlin's luncheon for Mr. Albert Rathbone; the luncheon which Mrs. Ten Eyck DeWitt Veeder and her daughters gave for some of the debutantes; Abigail Harvey's luncheon for Margaret Devereux; Miss Fannie Randolph Heth's reception at the Washington Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Taft—but why go on?

I must make mention in passing of what a really beautiful party Miss Heth's was. Mrs. Edward Douglas White was in the receiving line beside the hostess and the honor guests, and Mrs. Newton D. Baker and Mrs. Claude Swanson did the honors at the tea table. And then I went to get back to the Russian ball. It was "covered" so extensively in the society columns next day that there isn't much left to say, beyond a word of comment on the color and picturesque quality of the scene, the gorgeous jeweled kakoshniks worn by many of the women, the quite thrilling exhibition dancing, and the tremendous success of the undertaking, socially, artistically and financially.

The fact that a really excellent supper—bouillon, chicken salad, with nice little twisted rolls, an ice, and coffee—was served and comfortably served—at small tables, may also be worthy of note. For the supper at most of the charity balls nowadays is decidedly sketchy, and at the ball for the Children's Hospital there was no supper at all. The ballroom at Wardman Park Inn, where the Russian ball took place, isn't very large, but it's a very pretty place for a party, and the long lounge which skirts it is an ideal place in which to linger and watch the crowds surge by.

### Episcopal Hospital Ball Next on Calendar.

The next charity ball on the program, the ball for the benefit of the Episcopal Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, will be given at the ballroom at Wardman Park Inn, on Friday, January 25. It will be a very pretty place for a party, and the long lounge which skirts it is an ideal place in which to linger and watch the crowds surge by.



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## Fancies, Fads, And Foibles of Capital Society

Authentic history goes back many centuries. He served for a long time in the Russian general staff, was seriously wounded and later was sent to Canada with a Russian mission, functioning as an artillery expert. He hasn't been in this country many weeks. He's a marvelous linguist, understands, speaking six or seven languages; and of course he's a man of wide cultivation.

### Fell Over Precipice Riding Through Barrage.

He walks with a decided limp and the story of how he received his injuries is an interesting one. It has its beginning generations ago, when the Shah of Persia sent a beautiful Arabian steed to one of his forebears as a token of gratitude for some service. Thenceforth, the white horse bred on the Korzybski estate near Warsaw were famous all over Poland. When the colonel went to the front he was allowed to take along his own horse, one of the famous line and in attempting to pick their way through a barrage on the occasion of very hot fighting, both he and the horse went over a precipice. The horse was killed, and days later the colonel came to himself in a hospital with one side badly crushed.

His bride, who was brought up in California, started her artistic career at sixteen. Without the aid of teachers and schools she has worked out technique all her own, and may at most be said to have created a new art, for her portraits on ivory bear scant relation to the miniatures from which they were developed.

There's a strength about them, a vividness of color, a feeling for line and an effect of motion that one seldom associates with miniatures. More over, the framing of the portraits is in itself an artistic triumph. Mrs. Edgerly—Mrs. Edgerly—designs all the frames herself, and such is her regard for unity that she plans the setting of a portrait at the time she poses the sitter; and the frame is a much a part of the composition as the portrait. And each composition is in itself a revelation of the character of the subject. The artist isn't satisfied until every line of her drawing and every spot of color, put on a broad wash and showing a transparent richness of depth almost equal to oils, expresses the character, the spirit of the sitter, nor until the whole is wrought into a setting which carries out the story to its proper conclusion.

By so designing the frames of her pictures that several panels are put together in one composition, she overcomes the limitations of size imposed upon her by her medium; and she has painted many family groups in this way, working out compositions that are amazingly decorative. Most fanily portraits are depressing things.

(Continued on Page Thirteen.)



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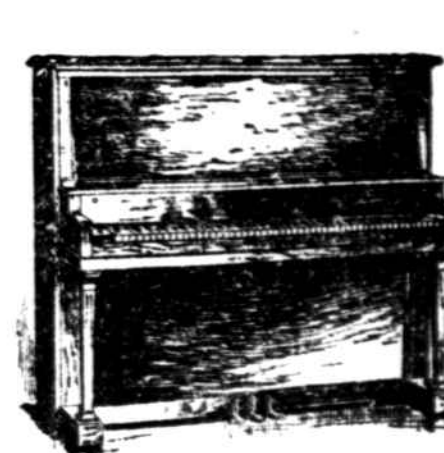


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